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THEY ALL HAVE A VOTE.

When Mayor Van Wyck runs for a Supreme Court Judgeship what will the citizens he now calls names do about it?

DOES THE DEATH PENALTY DETER FROM CRIME?

THE news despatches announce the appearance in the Massachusetts Legislature of a bill to abolish capital punishment. A similar bill has recently perished at Albany. Another died at Trenton. The bringing up and the turning down of such measures is an annual occurrence in the Legislatures of most States where the death penalty still obtains. These facts are interesting as showing that the question involved is a constantly living one. The inquiries suggested are:

Will the death penalty presently be abolished throughout the United States?

Ought it to be abolished?

• • •

At this time, out of the States of the Union five have abolished capital punishment. They are Colorado, Maine, Michigan, Rhode Island and Wisconsin. Iowa wiped out the extreme penalty once, but restored it. Nineteen States present an alternative of life imprisonment, to be passed upon by the courts. In the rest of the Union the death penalty for first degree murder is absolute.

Now the general statistics of crime in the United States show these figures regarding homicides and executions during certain years:

Dates.	Murders.	Executions.
1890	4,290	—
1891	5,906	123
1892	6,791	107
1893	6,615	126
1894	9,800	132
1895	10,500	132
1896	10,652	122
1897	9,520	128
1898	7,840	109

The homicide records for 1896, '97 and '98 are unofficial.

These figures certainly do not carry conviction of the efficacy of capital punishment.

They are chiefly remarkable as showing the small proportion of executions to murders. As the numbers of homicides decrease so do the numbers of legal killings. Can it be claimed that if the law had been more sternly carried out the effect would have been better?

• • •

Many eminent opponents of capital punishment, including Gen. Newton M. Curtis, of New York, and Judge C. G. Garrison, of New Jersey, have based upon such figures as those above the assertion that capital punishment is a failure as a deterrent because juries hesitate to convict men except under most convincing and shocking evidence with the death penalty in view.

Gen. Curtis cites the facts that in New York in 1892, with forty-three murders, there were but five convictions and executions; while in Michigan (no death penalty) seventeen murderers out of forty-two were convicted and sent to prison for life.

• • •

We may also put the question this way:

Danny Lyons (the name is taken at random from the records) was hanged in New York a decade ago. He is long dead, was quickly forgotten by many and unheard of by more. Was his fate a lasting deterrent?

Jesse Pomeroy, "boy murderer," has passed from youth well into manhood in a Massachusetts prison. He is there for life, legally buried, practically blotted out, yet the world hears from him on one occasion or another sufficiently to keep alive the memory of his crime and its terrible penalty. Is it possible that his dragging doom is a stronger deterrent from murder than a mere sentence of death?

It is such considerations as these indicated in figures and examples that must eventually lead to a decision whether the death penalty shall survive or perish. Sentiment has many arguments, but practicality has stronger ones and is, besides, in line with society's constant outlook for the greatest benefits to the greatest numbers.

Mr. Bryan's followers are said to have decided to elect a new National Committee chairman. In which case "What Happened to Jones" will pass into political history.

New York's corrupt rulers may get the pickings, but in the matter of the Rapid Transit tunnel the people will get the benefit of the diggings.

[illegible] of "such stuff as dreams are made on," Oil and cast steel seem to fill the bill for [illegible] of wealth come true.

[illegible]: A silver spade at the [illegible]

[illegible] All right.

BUSH, THE WORLD'S CARTOONIST.

(From Success.)

C. G. BUSH, the famous cartoonist of the New York World, is a slender man, with a long, well-shaped head, and his dry skin is furrowed with wrinkles. His eyes are deeply set, and, as is generally the case with men of his peculiar talent, give no hint of a fund of humor. In disposition he is jovial and delights in a harmless joke. He takes his work seriously in that he believes that a cartoon should express, in a pictorial way, that which an editorial does.

"But an editorial is seldom humorous," I venture.

"I think that the most effective editorials," said Mr. Bush, "are those which expose or criticise the erroneous side of conditions, of ideals and of men, by genial absurdity and sarcasm. In regard to cartoons, vindictiveness should never enter into them. To my mind sarcasm and fun are more effective than savage attacks. Again, a cartoon should be so self-explanatory that a legend or caption beneath it is not necessary.

"Every man should have a specialty, and should not be content to know just so much, or to go just so far in it. It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks, but I decided that the experiment should be tried on me. Consequently I went to Paris, and there studied under Leon Bonat for three years, only returning long enough, once, to marry. I finally returned to America brimful of ambition, and with the knowledge that I was better able to hold my own. Many men would say, 'You took three years out of your life.' That is not so. What is three years, if at the end of that time you are able to do better work than you could otherwise have done? Many an artist has gone so far and no father because he was unwilling to spend a couple of years in study to become a good draughtsman, and many a one has dropped out of sight for that very reason."

Mr. Bush's work receives nothing but favorable criticism in artistic circles. He may draw a foot entirely out of proportion to the rest of the body, but it is a perfectly formed foot. There is not a shadow, not a line, that is false. One of his cartoons, known as the "Klondike," brought him recognition, through its republication in religious and other papers. It represented greed, as a crumbling skeleton, lying prone upon the earth, with a long arm outstretched, and its fingers almost touching a coveted bag of gold. The moral and sentiment in this cartoon became the subject of sermons. It was Bush who, in an entirely different vein, bestowed upon ex-Gov. David B. Hill, of New York, the traditional small hat, with its accompanying streamer, bearing the words, "I am a Democrat." He is a classical scholar, and delights in cartooning present-day characteristics in mythological and historical roles.

"I am a nervous worker," replied Mr. Bush to my inquiry as to his method of drawing. "Often I accomplish my best work at home. One night I was so completely absorbed in a cartoon, that I mistook the sound of the cook opening the kitchen shutters, at 5 o'clock in the morning, for a burglar, and, if one may believe his own family, I searched with a revolver for the intruder.

"But as to the subjects for my cartoons. Sometimes they suggest themselves. Again, through conversation, ideas occur to me, which may be fitted to crises or occurrences of the times. I find some subjects more inspiring than others, and, as a rule, I commence my work in an unrecognizable way, and gradually work it up. It pays to be painstaking, and to work hard.

"You wish my advice to young men who would become artists or cartoonists? Well, in the first place, resign themselves to study to become draughtsmen. I receive hundreds of letters asking me just that question, but what is the use of answering them? The writers will not take your advice. They are unwilling to prepare properly. To succeed in any line you must be equipped. In the second place, as to a of art and letters. He should make the meaning of his tory and events. He must be well read and a student of art and letters. He should make the meaning of his drawing plain, so that the educated and uneducated alike may understand and appreciate. Lucidity? Yes, the same principle applies as in good composition. Of course no one can become an artist unless he has an aptitude for drawing."

Mr. Bush says to young men: "In art, as in other affairs of life, everything depends upon study, or application, and hard work."

Beer Lozenges.

ONE of the latest German inventions is beer lozenges. These are made of the powder obtained by evaporating lager beer, and contain all the ingredients of this popular beverage. The only needful thing to turn them into a sparkling ale is to dissolve them in water to which some carbonic acid gas has been added.

THE BRIGHTEST HUMOR OF THE DAY.

THE FISH COURSE.

Mrs. Jones—And pray, Mr. Jones, what is the matter now?

Jones—I was only wondering, my dear, where you might have bought this fish.

Mrs. Jones—At the fishmonger's. Where do you suppose I bought it?

Jones—Well, I thought that, perhaps, there might have been a remnant sale at the Royal Aquarium!—Punch.

MISS PROPRIETY.

Elder Sister—You don't seem to be doing anything, Mabel, come out for a walk.

Mabel—Thanks, but I don't think we ought both to be out together. If any one should call on mother, I think there should be one daughter at home!—Punch.

A GORY CUSTOMER.

Artist—No I have not been out lately. I have been drawing blood the last three days.

She (horrified)—W-what?

Artist—I have been working on my war picture, you know.—Judy.

FEMININE CONSISTENCY.

Mabel—Why do you always buy two kinds of note-paper?

Maud—Well, you see, when I write to Tom I use red paper—that means love, and when I write to Jack I use blue paper—which means faithful and true.

FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

Wife—Have you noticed that married couples in the course of time grow to look like each other?

Husband—Yes—the same melancholy expression.

NOT SOCIAL EQUALS.

"I met our cook downtown to-day."

"Did you speak to her?"

"Speak to her! She was better dressed than I was and avoided me."

THE LAGGARD.

"Hector Alexander Macfaurlane, ye're just drivin' me to desperation!"—Punch.

A PLAIN DISTINCTION.

"What's the difference between a fiddle and a violin?"

"A fiddle is a violin when the man who plays it has on a swallow-tail coat."

Storm and Sunshine.

CAN'T have roses all the year—
Got to come a frost;
But Spring'll bring the sweeter rose
For every one that's lost.

Can't be singing all the year—
Life is half a sigh;
But hope'll bring the sweetest song.
An' sing it by an' by.

Storm and sunshine day by day—
Sorrow can't destroy.
While we're hearin' on the way
All the bells of joy!

A Big Moth.

The largest insect known to entomologists is a Central American moth, called the Erobus strix, which expands its wings from 11 inches to 18 inches.

Five Miles in the Air.

The greatest height ever reached in a balloon was 26,160 feet. Two of the three aeronauts who made this ascent were suffocated.

The Music Cure Is the Latest.

FASHIONABLE physicians in many of the large cities are dealing with a class of patients by what they term the music cure. It is a worthy successor of the color cure, which held sway a couple of years back and was not half a bad idea, as it often soothed the mind. It is said that the music cure is antique, for a search through the books of the ancients has revealed many allusions to the curative power of music, in certain ailments, mainly of a nervous character. It was used in times of pestilence and plague to divert the minds of the people from the disaster which threatened them. It is said that music incites the action of the heart, and that influences the blood circulation. It also stimulates the activity of the skin. The health and steady nerves of the Germans are cited as proofs of the medicinal powers of music; and while we may not give it full credence, we must at least admit that nobody was ever injured by the sound of music, so physicians are safe in recommending it.

THE WORLD'S LA GRIPPE CURE.

Phenacetine	15 grains
Quinine	15 grains
Codein	3-8 grain

Divide this quantity into six powders and take one every hour for four hours; after that take one every two or three hours.

This dose is for an adult. Any druggist will put it up for you.

BIRTHDAY LUCK
For March 26.

IF you were born on March 26 this is the meaning of the day for you:

It is a good day. An active and eventful year confronts you, and there will be changes, additions, journeys and many new matters coming up as it advances. The time will be favorable in the main, and with close attention to business and financial matters and care in your pleasures the year will end to your advantage.—Copyrighted by the Sphinx Magazine, Boston.

Flowers in Finger-Bowls.

FLOWERS in finger-bowls are the latest of fashionable fads. The credit for this novelty belongs to the Japanese, who are noted for designing beautiful things. They have prepared little pieces of wood which when thrown into water expand into odd flowers which they call "water flowers." The wood is painted in all sorts of pretty colors and is cut into little sticks. The sticks are not thrown into the water until after the finger-bowls have been placed before the guests.

Not a Desert Waste.

The Sahara is not a barren waste, as is popularly supposed. Not long ago there were 9,000,000 sheep, 2,000,000 goats and 260,000 camels in the Algerian Sahara alone; and the oases furnish a million and a half of date-palms.

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

JUDITH'S SACRIFICE.

JUDITH'S guest was leaning back in a great chair that made her look absurdly young and childish as Judith's fiance entered the drawing-room unannounced.

He only knew that a pair of dark-lashed, blue-gray eyes looked steadily into his, that a sweet, mocking mouth uttered some formal words of greeting, that for an instant he held the slim, cool fingers, when he found himself in the dining-room.

• • •

The first night of September found the gayety at its height. A masquerade dance was in progress. It was the night preceding the departure of Judith's guests. Even Lillian was to go.

Not far from midnight Ellington moved restlessly through the winding walks.

As he paused under a small balcony, a fan, a dainty thing, brushed his face and fell at his feet. A woman leaned over the balcony.

"Miss Morrison! You leave us to-morrow. May I not bid you good-by?"

"Are you, then, so anxious to see me go?" Did he imagine it, or was there a reproach in her voice? He drew nearer.

"Have you forgotten the old garden there beyond the sea"—he caught her hands—"and that last night when I told you of my love? You sent me from you coldly, but I knew you cared."

"Have you forgotten Judith?" The sweet voice sounded harsh. She drew her hands from him and stood erect.

"You know I have been true to her," passionately. "I will never speak like this again. Judith has told me the story—a simple one. A quiet sea, a sudden squall, an overturned boat; but it left you free. Free—while I wandered over the earth trying to forget,

SHE SLIPPED THE MASK FROM HER FACE.

and forever haunted by the wraith of a girl with sunny hair and wistful blue-gray eyes. I laughed when Judith told me your lover's death had spoiled your life."

Still the girl uttered no word. He leaned upon the railing. "I am going now." His voice had grown tender. "I would do nothing that would bring regret to you or her. I may not touch you, but I love you! I love you! I love you! Going, and you stand there as if you were turned to stone! You will not say the words for which my heart has hungered? But once, dear."

"Lewis," her voice was almost a whisper, "ask her to release you. Tell her tenderly. Perhaps it will not hurt much. If it fails, touch her pride."

He looked at her incredulously. "I cannot!"

"Then you do not love"—

"I will not pain her so. We are inured to pain."

He looked out over the garden. Unconsciously he crushed in his grasp a rose that grew on the balcony.

He leaned toward her. "Forgive me, my sweet and—good-by. It is good-by this time."

For answer she leaned and touched his brow with her lips. "It is out of your hands," she said softly. "Go to her." She slipped the mask from her face.

"Judith!" hoarsely. "How could you! The voice"—

"You deceived yourself," she said gently, "and the awakening is better now. Words cannot undo what has been said. Leave me, please."

There was a tone in her voice he could not disobey. Without a word he left her.

She stood silently, her lips moved as if in prayer, when she turned to go back to her guests the light that illumined her face was not from the moon.—Chicago News.

LESSONS IN EATING.

By Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

NO. 7—HOW TO EAT PIE.

NOT long since New York fashionables took upon themselves to revolutionize some time-honored customs in regard to the taking of one's food. They decreed that a spoon should hold as small a place in the eating paraphernalia as possible.

In accordance with this idea, it was considered very underbred to eat ice-cream from a spoon. A fork was the proper utensil.

Then a funny thing happened. Just as New York had firmly fixed this point of etiquette in the minds of her sons and daughters, Philadelphia, conscious that something was happening, also started a new idea, in her slow blundering fashion.

And the result of the new idea was that Philadelphians set out to eat pie from a spoon. This they do to this day.

However, the better taste dictates that pie had best be eaten from a fork.

Do not use a knife in any way in eating pie. Separate it into convenient pieces by the aid of the fork only.

Hold the fork as shown in the picture, the piece of pie near the end of the flat side of the tines, and the fork pointed no more nearly toward the mouth than is absolutely necessary.

Never under any circumstances convey the pie to the mouth with the fingers or hold a whole slice of it in the hand. One can scarcely credit such a breach of manners happening anywhere, but occasionally it does happen.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAY TO EAT PIE.

Hold the fork this way.

Very Bad Form.

Philadelphians eat pie with a spoon.

"AUTO" BELLS.

Special bells are now being made for automobiles. They can be attached to the footboard and can be reached by the foot of the operator.

IN TWO WORLDS.

Dr. Martineau said, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday: "I have so many friends in both worlds that I know not whether to wish to stay or to depart."

BRITISH EMPIRE.

The British Empire is forty times larger than the German Empire, and [illegible] times larger than all the South [illegible].

SENATE HELP.

The ninety Senators of the United States, whose salaries aggregate $450,000, are waited upon by a force of 300 employees, with aggregate salaries of $310,000.

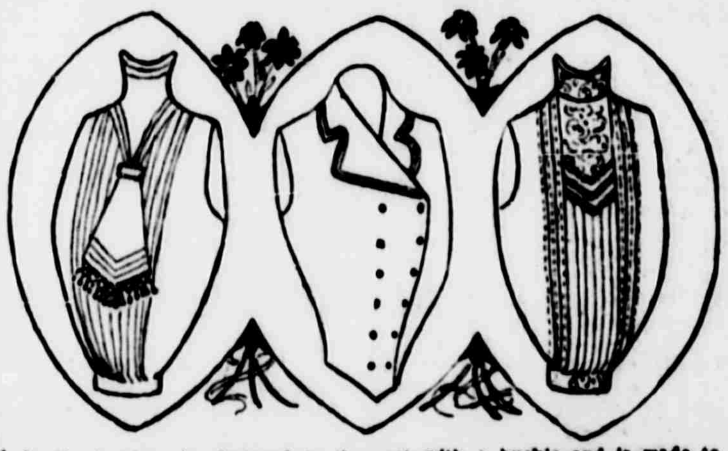
A VAST THEATRE.

The Paris Exposition will have the largest theatre in the world, accommodating 12,000 to 15,000 persons.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

In no other country a century ago were women more completely on an equality with men than in South Africa.

DAINTY VESTS GO WITH TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.



GIRLS, have you ordered your little vests yet? You must have them for your open-coated tailor-made gowns this season. And they must be daisies. Here are three of the latest:

The first shown in the picture is made on a plain lining and fastened in the centre under the small plaits. The yoke is of silk in a V form and the high collar is sewn to it and is fixed around the right side to the lining, while the left fastens round to the back. The end, arranged in tie fashion, is fastened to the vest with a buckle and is made to appear as if cut in one piece with the yoke. Both yoke and scarf end are sewn on the outside of the blouse, and can be stitched or trimmed.

The fronts of the second vest, which is tailor made, are made of the cloth or washing drill, and the back of lining. The drill being thick would be apt to spoil the fit of the gown if used in the back. The collar of the vest joins on the revers, and turns down all around. The vest fastens with hooks and eyes in the centre and the right side buttons across, giving the double-breasted effect.

The third, the most dressy vest, opens on the right side, the tucked part fastening over on the centre plastron, which is all in one piece. The plastron is fixed to the lining before the fronts are put on. The top is faced with a little piece of pointed satin covered with lace, and below comes the plaited material. The fronts are tucked at the edge and are fastened to the lining. Tiny lines of fringed ribbon edge the collar and outline the satin.

QUERIES BY AND ANSWERS FOR THE EVENING WORLD READERS.

Thursday.

What day of the week did Sept. 6, 1894, fall on? READER.

A Is Correct.

A claims red raspberries grow wild in Michigan and certain other States. B claims they do not grow wild anywhere. Which wins? MARY B. F.

The Sepoy Ringleaders.

What captured soldiers were blown from cannon mouths by the English? I think the Afghans, but am not sure. H. D. L.

Butler, in "Hudibras."

Who said: "Why should not conscience have vacation as well as other courts of th' nation?" And in what poem? A. K. CLARK.

Thursday.

What day did June 28 come on in 1869? M. McD.

Why Not the Pleiades?

We have formed a sewing circle composed of seven young ladies aged sixteen to seventeen, and ask you to suggest some name we could call ourselves. S. G.

Astor Library.

Where can I get a book of the Holder family, or where shall I go to trace the family back 100 or 125 years? CONSTANT.

Thursday.

What day of the week did Jan. 19, 1871, fall on? A. HENSON.

LITTLE FREDDY'S FIRST ADVENTURE IN FAIRYLAND.

Little Freddy has just got through reading the fairy story books given him at Christmas and now dreams about them. The last dream he had began with a short interview with Blunderbore, the wicked giant, and little Freddy felt his head getting bigger and bigger with fear.

The giant immediately handed him over to the fiery dragon (it bore an extraordinary likeness to old Blobbs, the principal of his school), and the fiery dragon pursued him relentlessly over miles of rocky ground, and was just [illegible] clutching him [illegible].

The good fairy suddenly loomed upon the scene and, waving back the monster, saved little Freddy from a clutchy grave. Little Freddy was by this time too far gone to notice anything except that a dear little girl columbine was [illegible].

Then they were whirled away to the Realms of Bliss, and there he wandered, together with the little girl columbine, through the [illegible] paths of colored light [illegible].